The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1801. [NO. XV.

A LESSON ON CONCEALMENT;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF MARY SELWYN.

(Continued from our last.)

"When his indisposition had made such progress as to make it no longer questionable, he denied admittance to a physician. He was sensible of no pain. His joints were feeble, and his frame emaciated, but all his functions were regular. He ate sparingly, and slept as usual. His thoughts were mournful and dejected; but he could not explain the cause that made his thoughts run in one channel more than another.

"His generous artifice was, for a time, successful; but in the agony of my fears, on his account—in my incessant meditations on the cause of this evil, I could not fail of lighting, at length, upon the true conjecture. It was too dreadful not to make me eager to banish suspense, and ascertain the truth. I besought an interview, and explained to him my fears. He strove in vain to hide his secret from my scrutiny, to elude my interrogations, or repulse my entreaties. He was the prey of an hopeless passion, of which my malignant destiny had made me the object.

"This detection opened my eyes to the horrors that environed me. I beheld a youth of unrivalled excellence, tarnished, and withered, and hurried to the grave, by a malady to which my temerity and infatuation had given birth, but to which I was utterly disabled from administering a cure. I was bound to another by inviolable obligations. The place which nature and reason had intended for Haywood, was pre-occupied by another. He was sinking before my eyes, but the hand that might have snatched him from the billows was constrained by bonds which no human force could break.

"It was never to be shut from my mind, that my fatal enchantments had seduced him into this snare. I had designed no evil, was wholly unaware of any hurtful tendency in the conduct which I had pursued; but this persuasion availed nothing to rescue me from terror, or blunt my remorse. Now that the effect was produced, I regarded, with profound astonishment, the blindness that had so long been inattentive to its approach. The tokens of the truth were now remembered or imagined to have been incessant and palpable. My own efforts were now seen to have had no tendency but to infuse this venom. I had sported in the flowery path, though every step was beset with adders; and my senses were recalled from their trance, not till my progress was irrevocable, and to turn back was no longer in my power.

"I accused myself to Haywood. I poured forth floods of tears, and vowed not to survive him. To this self-upbraiding and despair, he always roused himself to the most tender and pathetic opposition. He absolved me from all censure, and imputed his calamity to his own preverse fate—to his incaution and folly. It was his province to have supplied the want of foresight in me; to have fled from the danger when its first approaches were descried: whereas, he had lingered till flight was impossible or useless.

"He was the most guilty and unfortunate of human beings. He had lived in defiance and contempt of his duty; had trampled on the claims of gratitude and service, which his friends, his country, and mankind had urged upon him. Indolence had eaten away the root of every virtue, subjected him to poverty and ignominy in his native country, and had accompanied him to his new abode. In vain had he struggled to shake off its chains: for every struggle, by being unsuccessful, had only added to their number and force.

"It was time to die. Longer life would only multiply his crimes, and aggravate his infamy. Life was, indeed, only to be purchased by conditions which would make the burthen of existence intolerable; which would heap calamity on all those whom he had most reason to love, and chiefly on me, whom he deemed the purest and most excellent of human creatures, and for the sake of whose peace he would cheerfully die a thousand deaths.

"It was vain for me to importune or mourn. No efforts of mine would postpone the inevitable hour: and, instead of desiring its postponement, I ought to exult in its swift approach. My peace and honour were in hazard: his death alone would purchase their safety; and, to purchase it, he hastened to death with more alacrity than bridegroom ever hastened to the arms of his bride.

"Such was the usual strain of his discourse, to which I listened with heart-breaking anguish. I believed that I knew this man. I knew him to be inslaved by a thousand errors; but these errors were the growth of an unhappy education: they were productive of incessant compunction: there was a species of discipline efficacious to his cure; and I had fondly hoped, that heaven had appointed me the minister of this cure. I knew his virtues as well as his faults, and perceived them to transcend, by far, the elevation of any of those whom I had previously known—to be such as fitted him for the instructor and delighter of mankind. Should such an one perish, in the bloom of his age, and I remain, to whom alone his disastrous and premature fate was to be imputed?

"My heart was rent; my tears flowed without remission; solitude and darkness, my chamber and the night were witnesses of my agony; the conflict of arguments, and fears, and hopes; the eternal warfare of those principles which forbad me, on the one hand, to destroy Haywood and myself!—for our fates were not to be dissevered; the same hour should witness both our deaths, and the same grave open to receive us:—or, on the other, to blast the felicity of Colmer; to overwhelm my father and brother with horror and grief; to bring upon myself eternal obloquy, the loss of reputation, the tears of my friends, and the scoffs of the world. Such was the terrible, yet unavoidable alternative. Such was the fruit of my brother's well-meant cruelty—of the obstinate devotion of my husband—of the incurable infatuation of Haywood—of the irrevocable decree which made me the wife, which consecrated my person and affection to one to whom I was indifferent.

"That was my first crime. To have yielded my hand, contrary to all the dictates of my heart; to vow eternal affection

where none was felt; to devote my thoughts and services to one for whom I felt no sympathy; who claimed, indeed, my reverence for the probity of his intentions, and the depth of his capacity, and the amplitude of his knowledge; but whose heart answered not to the pulsations of this heart, whose conceptions of the beautiful and the just were invincibly repugnant, whose employments and amusements were void of all resemblance to mine. That was my offence, from which every subsequent calamity has flown; which has cut me off from all activity and usefulnees; which has made me the assassin of Haywood, and my own murderer. O, my brother! to thee am I indebted for that guilt. Into whatever gulph of death, or infamy, or poverty, my desperate footsteps may bear me, at thy door shall I lay the charge of being my destroyer; on thy conscience will the guilt of my blood rest.

"O! how blest are they whose conduct is exempt from parental or fraternal dominion; who are suffered to consult the dictates of their reason, and are not driven, by imperious duties, to the sacrifice of independence, the abjuration of liberty, and the death of honour!

"But to look back, to deplore the irremediable past, will avail me nothing. The toils are closed upon me: my dungeon is completed, and escape is only possible by two avenues; both lead into the midst of horrors and perils; either is abundant in evil, and I am terrified to madness by the consequences that will follow each; but the choice must be made. The ruin of my father's peace, of my brother's hopes, of my husband's happiness; the loss of fame and of friendship, exile from my father's house, are the evils which my spirit must endure, if the life of Haywood deserves to be saved; and these evils I will courageously encounter, and cheerfully sustain, for his sake.

"Such was the dreadful result of many days and nights of meditation. My resolution being formed, I hastened to impart it to my friend. He listened with a faint smile. 'Heroic woman,' said he, 'how thou over-ratest the deservings of the wretch before thee! Thou wouldst fly with him from this scene! Thou wouldst lose thy hold on all that is dear to the heart of woman for his sake? Thou wouldst entrust thy happiness to his spontaneous fidelity! Thou wouldst share with him his nakedness, his famine, his obscurity! Alas! inconstant, cowardly, and feeble as I am, there are limits which I cannot overstep. No, remain in the bosom of thy father, thy brother, and thy husband. Cherish thy untainted honour, and thy devoted friends. To accept thy offer is no matter of desire; to refuse it is no cause of hesitation. I have gathered up all my wishes and views, and consentered them in a speedy and quiet death.'

"I urged my proposal anew. I combated his scruples with entreaties and arguments; but all were ineffectual. His aversion to a scheme by which I should produce such extensive mischiefs to those whom my duty taught me to love, and mischiefs to myself which no incidental good could out-balance, was not to be subdued.

"One alternative remained. My continuance in my present condition, my father's approbation, my brother's love, my husband's reverence, my own good name, were not already forfeited. I was adored by Haywood: I loved the proofs of his affection and his confidence, which he delighted to bestow. To watch his features, to be greeted by his smiles, to study the improvement of his understanding and his fortune, was all that my heart, formed for sympathy and tenderness, required. Of these I was not ashamed. They were incompatible with no conjugal duty. I avowed and exulted in my wishes, and none surely would calumniate or censure them. If they did, calumny and censure, by being unmerited, affected me not.

"But this, alas! was not sufficient. My friend languished, and perished. He was consumed by unsatisfied desires. Not contented with the homage of my understanding and my heart, he sought for that, the gift of which, if known, would blot my name, awaken enmity in all that loved me, and bring down inexpiable vengeance on the head of my seducer.

Let me not repeat the sophistries—exhibit again the illusions which bewildered me—which did not beget opinion, or terminate in belief; which did not successfully contend with all the impressions of my education; which did not hinder me from shuddering at the name of adultress; which did not blind me to the hazards and consequences of detection; make me callous to the stings of self-reproof; hide from me the deformities and hatefulness of falsehood;—prolific of terror, involving in its train a thousand stratagems, humiliations and iniquities, and sure, at last, to be unmasked; counteracted; baffled; punished.

"No! while I tumultuously reflected on the wrongs that I had suffered from my brother's cruelty and my husband's pertinaciousness; while I sought to load them with the guilt of every deviation from rectitude to which their fatal obstinacy had given birth; while I laboured to extenuate the crime, and exaggerate the ease of concealment; to reduce to nothing the moral tendencies, and intrinsical importance, of the gift that was exacted from me; and assiduously to meditate the benefits resulting from dishonour, I came no nearer to decision. My irresolution forsook me not. The reluctances that barred up my passage afforded not a momentary token of yielding.

"No reasonings and no fears could annihilate the woman in my breast; out-root from my constitution the materials of duty, the laws of my sex, the instinct of decorum, the powers and habits which recoiled, with mechanical necessity, from the part of solicitress, to any but *mental* intercourse. Yet such was the part which my fate had assigned me. Haywood was only to be won to existence and happiness by supplication from me!

"I had brought myself to offer him my company in flight and exile, but this had been rejected. I could endure every consequence of separation from my family, but not the making the inmate of their bosom and partaker of their confidence, a liar and dissembler; the eternal weaver of frauds; dressing her countenance in deceitful smiles; lavishing caresses on the man she betrayed; and practising tricks and subterfuges to gain, or [illegible], or conceal her interviews with another. To this, no impulse of passion, no cogency of eloquence, could gain my assent.

"Alas! my fate was determined not in the moment of exertion, but of slumber. My reason, weary of its fruitless efforts and contests, had yielded place to an interval of precious and rare repose. The apartment was darkened by curtains, that the heat, as well as light, might be excluded. I had parted with my friend in expectation of taking a short journey; but my time of setting out being by some accident postponed, I withdrew to my chamber, and threw myself upon a sofa to indulge my wonted reveries. In this situation sleep stole upon my senses.

"Meanwhile, Haywood, seizing the opportunity of my absence, resolved to end my conflicts and his own, by withdrawing from the house and the country. He wrote a letter containing the reasons of his conduct and his last adieus. This he designed to leave upon my toilet; and, for that end, came softly to my chamber, which he reasonably imagined to be vacant.

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

THE LATE MRS. GODWIN,

AUTHOR OF A VINDIGATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

(Continued from our last.)

"I GROW more and more attached to my little girl....and I cherish this affection without fear, because it must be a long time before it can become bitterness of soul. She is an interesting creature. On ship-board, how often, as I gazed at the sea, have I longed to bury my troubled bosom in the less troubled deep; asserting with Brutus, "that the virtue I had followed too far, was merely an empty name!" and nothing but the sight of her....her playful smiles, which seemed to cling and twine round my heart, could have stopped me.

"What peculiar misery has fallen to my share! To act up to my principles, I have laid the strictest restraint on my very thoughts....yes; not to sully the delicacy of my feelings, I have reined-in my imagination; and started with affright from every sensation (I allude to ——) that stealing with balmy sweetness into my soul, led me to scent from afar the fragrance of reviving nature.

"My friend, I have dearly paid for one conviction. Love, in some minds, is an affair of sentiment, arising from the same delicacy of perception (or taste) as renders them alive to the beauties of nature, poetry, &c. alive to the charms of those evanescent graces that are, as it were, impalpable....they must be felt, they cannot be described.

"Love is a want of my heart. I have examined myself lately with more care than formerly; and find, that to deaden is not to calm the mind....Aiming at tranquility, I have almost destroyed all the energy of my soul....almost rooted out what renders it estimable....Yes, I have damped that enthusiasm of character which converts the grossest materials into a fuel, that imperceptibly feeds hopes which aspire above common enjoyment. Despair, since the birth of my child, has rendered me stupid....soul and body seemed to be fading away before the withering touch of disappointment."

"I have already told you, that I have recovered my health. Vigour, and even vivacity of mind, have returned with a renovated constitution. As for peace, we will not talk of it. I was not made, perhaps, to enjoy the calm contentment so termed.——

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"You tell me that my letters torture you; I will not describe the effect yours have on me. I received three this morning, the last dated the 7th of this month. I mean not to give vent to the emotions they produced. Certainly you are right; our minds are not congenial. I have lived in an ideal world, and fostered sentiments that you do not comprehend....or you would not treat me thus. I am not, I will not be, merely an object of compassion.... a clog, however light, to teize you. Forget that I exist: I will never remind you. Something emphatical whispers me to put an end to these struggles. Be free....I will not torment, when I cannot please. I can take care of my child; you need not continually tell me that our fortune is inseparable, *that you will try to cherish tenderness* for me. Do no violence to yourself! When we are separated, our interest, since you give so much weight to pecuniary considerations, will be entirely divided. I want not protection without affection; and support I need not, whilst my faculties are undisturbed. I had a dislike to living in England: but painful feelings must give way to superior considerations. I may not be able to acquire the sum necessary to maintain my child and self elsewhere. It is too late to go to Switzerland. I shall not remain at ——, living expensively. But be not alarmed! I shall not force myself on you any more.

"Adieu! I am agitated....my whole frame is convulsed....my lips tremble, as if shook by cold, though fire seems to be circulating in my veins."

"I write you now on my knees; imploring you to send my child and the maid with ——, to Paris, to be consigned to the care of Madame ——, rue ——, section de ——. Should they be removed, —— can give their direction.

"Let the maid have all my clothes, without distinction.

"Pray pay the cook her wages, and do not mention the confession which I forced from her....a little sooner or later is of no consequence. Nothing but my extreme stupidity could have rendered me blind so long. Yet, whilst you assured me that you had no attachment, I thought we might still have lived together.

"I shall make no comments on your conduct; or any appeal to the world. Let my wrongs sleep with me! Soon, very soon, shall I be at peace. When you receive this, my burning head will be cold.

"I would encounter a thousand deaths, rather than a night like the last. Your treatment has thrown my mind into a state of chaos; yet I am serene. I go to find comfort, and my only fear is, that my poor body will be insulted by an endeavor to recal my hated existence. But I shall plunge into the Thames where there is the least chance of my being snatched from the death I seek.

"God bless you! May you never know by experience what you have made me endure. Should your sensibility ever awake, remorse will find its way to your heart; and, in the midst of business and sensual pleasure, I shall appear before you, the victim of your deviation from rectitude.

"I have only to lament, that, when the bitterness of death was past, I was inhumanly brought back to life and misery. But a fixed determination is not to be baffled by disappointment; nor will I allow that to be a frantic attempt, which was one of the calmest acts of reason. In this respect, I am only accountable to myself. Did I care for what is termed reputation, it is by other circumstances that I should be dishonoured.

"You say, 'that you know not how to extricate ourselves out of the wretchedness into which we have been plunged.' You are extricated long since. But I forbear to comment. If I am condemned to live longer, it is a living death.

"It appears to me, that you lay much more stress on delicacy, than on principle; for I am unable to discover what sentiment of delicacy would have been violated by your visiting a wretched friend....if indeed you have any friendship for me. But since your new attachment is the only thing sacred in your eyes, I am silent....Be happy! My complaints shall never more damp your enjoyment....perhaps I am mistaken in supposing that even my death could, for more than a moment. This is what you call magnanimity. It is happy for yourself, that you possess this quality in the highest degree.

"Your continually asserting, that you will do all in your power to contribute to my comfort (when you only allude to pecuniary assistance) appears to me a flagrant breach of delicacy. I want not such vulgar comfort, nor will I accept it. I never wanted but your heart....that gone, you have nothing more to give. Had I only poverty to fear, I should not shrink from life. Forgive me then, if I say, that I shall consider any direct or indirect attempt to supply my necessities, as an insult which I have not merited....and as rather done out of tenderness for your own reputation than for me. Do not mistake me; I do not think that you value money (therefore I will not accept what you do

not care for) though I do much less, because certain privations are not painful to me. When I am dead, respect for yourself will make you take care of the child.

"I write with difficulty....probably I shall never write to you again. Adieu!

"God bless you!"

(To be Continued.)

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. IV.

Every exertion of despair, if unsuccessful, is considered as an act of lunacy, but attended with success, we then acknowledge it the sublime invention of no ordinary genius.

VAURIEN, OR SKETCHES OF THE TIMES.

To him who contemplates with an even mind, the ever-varying characters of men, few things can be more productive of thought, than the readiness with which most people decide on subjects to which they are incompetent.

In the common intercourse, and among the casual occurrences of life, there are many things to perplex and amaze us. We see accidents for which no man can account, and emoluments unexpected by all. One friend, who appeared prosperous and happy, is overthrown by a sudden gust of adversity; while another, unsolicitous of greatness, becomes eminent beyond fancy or conjecture. These are difficulties which frequently arise, and which every one is so active to discuss, that a person, unread in the world, might be curious to know in what manner they are decided. From the immediate decision which they obtain, he must either imagine that his fellow-beings are uncommonly wise, or uncommonly presumptuous.

If all the strange experiments of ambition, which have terminated unsuccessfully to their authors, could be enumerated to our view; and all the difficulties to which an unboastful fortitude has been steadily, though vainly opposed, we should rather wonder that any have been permanently great, than that so many have been disappointed in their projects. A daring and unconquerable spirit is certainly requisite to fame; but a daring and unconquerable spirit may never succeed. "Proud as the world is," says Dr. Young, "there is more superiority in it given than assumed." We are ever disposed to give way to him who is prepared to make way for himself, and the inferior is shortly the superior. This transaction is not without a similie, in concerns of less importance. I have seen a boy who wished to ascend a garden-wall, in order to reach the fruit it enclosed. He tries his ingenuity, and he is thwarted. In this instant arrive a number of his companions. He represents his intention to them; and promises to divide the spoil, provided they will assist him to obtain it. Not one of them has strength enough to attempt the task, but they frame, with their backs, a ladder for his ascent. He gains the prize, laughs at their credulity, and eats it himself. This is what we every day meet with. When the triumvirate divided Rome, what was become of the Roman people? and when Cromwell first entered the house of commons, can it be thought that he aspired to the protectorate? Circumstances were favourable to each, though both Cromwell and the triumvirate were indefatigable and ambitious.

Of all descriptions of men, perhaps the truly honest and diligent are the least calculated to rise. Unincited by the elevation of their neighbours, and concerned only with justice and propriety, they pursue, in one equal pace, the regular duties of their station. Those events which alike irritate or overwhelm the adventurous and designing, are neither ominous or depressing to these. They are noteless and calm, temperate and at rest. It would be difficult to entice them from the sphere in which they move, and impossible to fix them in another. From such characters there is little to apprehend. Though subject to misfortune, misfortune is half subject to them; and they have the credit of passing wisely through time, without the follies too often attendant on wisdom. To a class of beings more fanciful and sublime, animadversion is indebted for her office.

And how is that office performed? By what criterion do we judge of human actions? The head that is insolent and assuming, as well as that which is enterprising and successful, will bear away the palm of renown, while astonishment shall create admiration. When effects are better learnt than causes, and where actions are more attended to than motives, virtue must be unfairly appreciated. Imperfect are our best decisions; our rash ones are not unfrequently impious, because we judge without reason and information. And this is the judgment which we hasten to pass on most things that come under our notice!

Surely, then, forbearance is a virtue. We never know too much on any subject, and we often know but little....sometimes nothing, of many things that are offered to our consideration. Before we add to the general vote, let us examine the general report. Frequently we shall find it injudicious; not seldom unfounded. The continual changes of opinion, which cannot justly be attributed to an inconstancy in the public mind, should teach us this salutary caution. Their information is contracted or erroneous, and they tremble with the breath of rumour. They think according to the knowledge they may possess, and they change as occasion seems to dictate. Neither bodies, nor individuals of men, are contented to appear ignorant. If they have not, they will affect consequence; and that consequence is evinced in a seeming acquaintance with every object that is presented to their view. And thus an error which is formed by negligence, is not unfrequently maintained by obstinacy. There are, indeed, certain circumstances on which mankind may decide with propriety and unanimity, because the manner in which they occurred is common to the lowest capacity; but how few of this stamp do we find among those that we are prompt to decide? The success is the mean by which we are too apt to judge of the nature and the merits of an undertaking. We seem to forget that vice is sometimes prosperous at the expence of virtue; and that the wisest of plans are often the most unfortunate. Impressed with these sentiments, no one can attend the representation of the *School for Scandal*, without considerable improvement and delight. The readiness with which we interpret the motives of others, and the issue which we adjudge to their conduct, are finely and strongly delineated in this inimitable effort of Sheridan's genius. What effect it hath had on the prating and the fashionable world, I am not enabled to ascertain: but if they frequent public amusements for any thing better than amusement, I should think that this beautiful and delicate satire can never fall pointless to the ground. It is too pleasing to offend, and too just to be mistaken.

There is certainly such a thing as making a genius; and a man of the highest merit is not seldom surprized into greatness. He is awakened by the voice of fame, and fortified by an applauding world. But the multitude do not discriminate; and they are daily awarding to despair, those praises which belong only to ambition. Both sides are astonished. The man, that he has done so much....the multitude that they have seen it done.

PASSAGES TRANSCRIBED FROM BURNS'S LETTERS.

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding-birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never heard the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey-plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion, or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, passive takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave!

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I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought, which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

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I shall transcribe you a few lines I wrote in an hermitage belonging to a gentleman in my *Nithsdale* neighbourhood. They are almost the only favours the muses have conferred on me in that country.

Thee whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in rustic weed;
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost,
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will ever lour.
Happiness is but a name,
Make *content* and *ease* thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor-gleam,
Fame an idle, restless dream;
Peace the tender'st flower of spring,
Pleasures—insects on the wing!
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butter-flies thy own:
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
For the future be prepar'd,
Guard wherever thou canst guard;
But thy utmost duty done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their *consequence* thy care;
Keep the name of MAN in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence, with lowly heart,
Him whose wond'rous works thou art;
Keep his goodness still in view,
Thy trust, and thy example too.
Stranger, go! heaven be thy guide!
Quoth—the beadsman of Nithside.

—

O frugality! thou mother of ten thousand blessings—thou cook of fat beef and dainty greens!—thou manufacturer of warm Shetland hose and comfortable surtouts;—thou old housewife darning thy decayed stockings with thy ancient spectacles on thy aged nose!—lead me, hand me in thy clutched, palsied fist, up those heights, and through those thickets hitherto inaccessible and impervious to my anxious, weary feet:—not those Pernassian crags, bleak and barren, where the hungry worshippers of fame are breathless, clambering, hanging between heaven and hell; but those glittering cliffs of Potosi, where the all-sufficient, all-powerful deity wealth, holds his immediate court of joys and pleasures; where the sunny exposure of plenty and the hot walls of profusion produce those blissful fruits of luxury, exotics in this world and natives of paradise! —Thou withered sylph, my sage conductress, usher me into the refulgent and adored presence!—the power, splendid and potent as he now is, was once the puling nursling of thy faithful care and tender arms!—Call me thy son, thy cousin, thy kinsman, favourite, and adjure the God by the scenes of his infant years, no longer to repulse me as a stranger or an alien, but to favour me with his peculiar countenance and protection! He daily bestows his greatest kindnesses on the undeserving and worthless—assure him that I bring ample documents of meritorious demerits!—pledge yourself for me, that for the glorious cause of LUCRE, I will do any thing, be any thing—but the horse-leech of private oppression, or the culture of public robbery!

New-York,
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1801.

A REBUS.

EACH of my five syllables
Is a word, a meaning tells.
My first is to eat, oft at other folks' cost;
Next a stream where a son of Apollo was lost;
Third a verb that with down is often conjoin'd.
Fourth a pronoun oft selfishly used, you must find;
Fifth, what with a journey is often combin'd.
Reverse this long word, and divide it again,
You will see that for other five words it is ta'en:
A negative first; then a neuter pronoun;
Then an egotist famous in country and town;
Then what Judas the traitor received from his Lord;
Then a word whose idea a wound will afford.
The word which these ten sev'ral offsprings produces,
Has not been without philosophical uses;
'Tis oft vague conjecture, position unproved,
Hypothesis vain, from the truth far removed.

The Drama.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgment as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE.

November 23. The advertised pieces for this night's performance were, *I'll Tell You What; or, An Undescribable Something* ....And *Where is She:* a comedy, in two acts, never performed here: but, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Hallam, they were 'unavoidably postponed.' The pieces brought forward this evening were, *Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are;* and *The Village Lawyer;* the former of which is from the pen of the celebrated Mrs. Inchbald. This deservedly popular drama continues to be performed, with great eclat, at the London and Dublin Theatres; and has been several times successfully performed in New-York, Philadelphia and Boston.

November 25, being the anniversary of that auspicious day when the troops of a foreign enemy, after many years possession, evacuated our city, was celebrated at the Theatre, by recalling to the minds of a numerous audience, the first proof which Americans gave of that firm attachment to liberty which led them to seek death in its defence.

The tragedy of *Bunker-Hill* was written by John Burk (formerly of Trinity College, Dublin), a man *well known in this country*. In the year 1795, Mr. Burk resided at Boston; and made an effort to establish a daily paper in that town, but was unsuccessful. Whether his contiguous residence to the spot where our forefathers nobly resisted the hirelings sent here for our destruction by his imperious sovereign, or whether the love of fame, or an idea of emolument, prompted him to peep at the stage, and enlist under the banner of Melpomene, we shall not pretend to decide; however, Mr. B. brought forward his tragedy of *Bunker-Hill;* and it not only escaped *damnation*, but was received with much applause. It will, however, be remembered it came out on the Boston boards, and many of the veterans were present who shared in the toils of that day, so honourable to Americans; and that all the numerous defects of the piece were amply compensated by the enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. Dunlap very prudently revised it before he presented it to a N. York audience, with whom a few frantic yelpings will not pass for energy, nor insipid nonsense for the language of love. It is seldom brought forward, and never but on public occasions. The prologue to this tragedy, with the exception of a few lame lines, has considerable merit. Whether it was, or was not, written by the *Time-Piece-man*, we do not pretend to decide. We lay it before our readers verbatim:

When o'er Columbia's fields, in fearful hour,
Glar'd the red Comet of Britannia's power,
From horrid hair shook flakes of burning wrath,
And war and desolation mark'd its path:
[illegible]'d by the fury of her ruthless foes,
[illegible]ngry Genius of Columbia rose:
[illegible], with a voice more loud, more deep than fate,
Was rent the fabric of Monarchic State,
And instantaneous, soothing as the lyre,
Which wakes the soul and kindles soft desire,
She called the *first Republic* into day,
And to a world, restored its legal sway:
Beholds her patriot band the low lands fills
Like to the torrents of a thousand hills,
Which thund'ring to the plain their waters
Unite, condense, and form a mighty whole;
Columbia's Sons down Alleghany's sides,
Their fiery cohorts pour in rapid tides:
Whilst o'er the glassy surface of the flood,
Lighted by the sun, a gallant vessel rode;
The ark which bears the charter of the land,
It sails directed by the Almighty hand:
'Till safe at length from tempest and from flood,
Secure on freedom's Ararat it stood.
Thus did this great, this glorious empire rise,
Which lifts its patriot honors to the skies;
Spite of the bloody lash, the tyrant's frown,
The shock of armies and a fleet's renown.
A nobler theme than this, to grace the stage,
Where can we find in all th' historic page?
Of Rome's and Cato's fall, the world has rung:
Why not Columbia's rising fame be sung?
If Rome her Brutus and her Cato boast;
Her Washington and Warren, each a host,
Columbia owns; with thousand names beside,
The least of which would swell the Roman pride:
And 'midst these themes sublime, these subjects grand
Which tempt the poet's fancy in this land,
Where is there one more potent to inspire
Conceptions vast, and wake Parnassian fire,
Than when on Bunker's top a glorious band
Pour'd out their sacred blood to save the land?
And ere they fell, such fierce destruction hurl'd,
As when Volcanoes burn and tear the world.
Such is our bard's excuse that he this night
Renews the horrors of fam'd Bunker's fight,
And, bending suppliant at your awful shrine,
His child to your protection doth consign:
Assur'd of justice, he has dar'd to trace,
Columbia's glories to *Columbia's* race.

The after-piece for this evening was, *The Life and Death of Tom Thumb.*

November 27. *The Castle Spectre*, a very popular tragedy, from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P. author of that pernicious novel, *The Monk*. This piece was well received in London; and considerably enriched the coffers of "Madame Drury." Lewis deals in the terrific; and we doubt not but that "some courteous ghost" *has* "blabb'd it out" to him "what 'tis they are, and we must shortly be," for they are his constant theme. This play is written in a masterly style; abounding in highly polished sentences and poetic imagery. Cooper made his appearance (the first time on these boards), in the character of Osmond, and played it to the satisfaction of an applauding audience.

The after-piece was *The Quaker; or, Benevolent Friend.*

A list of all the new pieces produced in London during the seasons of 1800—1, with an account of the merits and the fate of each piece.

1. *Virginia*, a Comic Opera, by Mrs. Plowden, was brought out at Drury Lane theatre, on the 30th of October, and was, the very first night, irrevocably condemned. The lady *published it*, threw great blame on Mr. Kemble, the manager, and Mr. Kelly, the principal singer; but, her complaints met with little attention from the public, who very generally, and very justly concludes, that every audience at a playhouse is too fond of pleasure to reject any piece capable of producing it.

2. *Il Bondocani*, a musical entertainment, by Mr. T. Dibdin, was brought out at Covent Garden on the 15th of November, with great and merited success. The airs are charming, the dialogue sprightly, and the plot sufficiently interesting for a piece of this sort. It had a run of 28 nights, and was presented very often through the whole of the season. This is, unquestionably, the best musical entertainment that has appeared for many years.

3. *The School for Prejudice*, a Comedy, by Mr. T. Dibdin, which came out at Covent Garden, on the 3d of January, and which is altered from a *three-act* piece, which was played last season, under the title of *Liberal Opinions*, met with great success. It has more humour than any new piece of late years, and will continue to be a favourite, till something better than the production of Reynolds and Morton shall supply its place. For few pieces excite more laughter than the *School for Prejudice*.

4. *The Veteran Tar*, a Comic Opera, in two acts, by Mr. S. G. Arnold, son of the famous music professor, was brought forward at Drury Lane theatre, on the 29th of January. This piece was *imposed* upon the public for seventeen nights, successively. Respect for the author's father, together with a great number of *loyal sentiments*, induced the audience to forbear from hooting the piece off the boards; but, towards the last evenings of its being acted, they literally *turned their backs* on it; one half of them veered gently round, and chatted to each other, while the rest went home. The last night of all, the boxes were entirely empty before the first act was over; and yet this author, too, had the injustice to throw the blame on the manager of the theatre.

5. *The Poor Gentleman*, a Comedy, by Mr. G. Coleman, came out at Covent Garden, on the 14th of February. This very eccellent play met with success duly proportioned to its merits. After the first representation it was announced for a second acting, amid bursts of unfeigned a

plause, and during the whole season, it continued to attract crowded houses, insomuch, that, to have a front seat at its representation, it was necessary to bespeak the place several days beforehand.

6. *Deaf and Dumb*, translated from a French translation of a play of Kotzebue, was brought out at Drury Lane, on the 24th of February, and the public seemed glad to find, at that theatre, something which they could, at least, suffer to pass *uncondemned*.

7. *La Perouse*, a Pantomimical Drama, was brought out at Covent Garden, on the 28th of February, and ran with increasing applause, through the whole season.

8. *The Blind Girl*, or a *Receipt for Beauty*, a Comic Opera, by Mr. Morton, came out at Covent Garden, on the 22d of April. This piece has little merit except what it derives from its songs and music, the former of which are good, and the latter, delightful.

9. *Julian and Agnes*, a Tragedy, by W. Sotheby, Esq. was brought out at Drury Lane, on the 25th of April. A most wretched production. Mr. Sotheby stands high as a didactic poet; but, as a writer of tragedies, he is beneath the lowest of his unfortunate predecessors. The dramatis personæ of this piece, consist chiefly of monks, and the audience might truly be said to be in purgatory. The friends of the author, who were judiciously distributed for the purpose of giving him support, groaned in their hearts, while they clapped with their hands. The play died the third night. This thing has been published.

10. *Adelman*, the *Outlaw*, a musical Drama, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P. author of the Monk, &c. was brought out at Drury Lane, on the 4th of May, and closed the long list of condemned pieces, which this theatre produced during the season. The music and songs were good; but, in spite of this circumstance, and in spite of the masterly trick of giving one of the characters to Mrs. Jordan, who is always applauded, appear when and how she may; in spite also of hundreds of tickets, nightly bestowed, to pack an audience, this absurd production died in the space of fourteen days. Adelman has been published, but has been *read* but by very few persons.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Little bands are still used, in order to give an oblong shape to the antique head-dresses. The point of these head-dresses is still inclined. We have observed, within these few days, a few *elegantes* to wear a crown of foilage on their veils. The newest flower is the *barbeau d'Egypte*, (the barbel of Egypt). It has no particular place or designation; but we observed it most commonly on the front of the head in a tuft of hair.

Black crape tunics are very general, with a narrow trimming. The spencers and ends of sleeves are trimmed with lace. The square fichus are not worn straight, but sideways, so that the middle point comes up upon one shoulder. In the two first classes of elegant women, there are scarcely any, except matrons, who adhere to the use of wigs. The fashionables of the counter, however, still gratify their vanity with a Grecian Peruke, or a white tete. The little female artificers make their head-dresses of their own hair.

The men have entirely laid aside wigs, but do not, on that account, seem the more disposed to let their hair grow. On the contrary, with the exception of a narrow border, reserved upon the forehead, their entire head is cropped close, almost *shaved!*

LONDON FASHIONS,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1801.

Fancy dress of worked muslin, trimmed with lace and silver; the sleeves full, and confined with silver. Turban of crape, ornamented with silver; white ostrich feathers in front.

Walking dress, of white cambric muslin, made tight over the bosom, with a collar to turn back trimmed all round with lace: long sleeves, confined above the elbow in two places; petticoat of the same, with a narrow flounce round the bottom. Bonnet of green silk tied down with a handkerchief. Fancy shoes.

NEW COUNTRY DANCES.

1. *The Wags of Windsor*....First and second couple change sides and set, back again and set, lead down one couple, and set first and second couple. La pousette.

2. *Royal Review*....First and second couple set, and hands across; the same back again; lead down the middle, up again; right and left.

3. *The Tamourine*....Cast off two couple, up again; hands four half round and back again: lead down the middle, and up again; allemande with right hands and left.

4. *The Turnpike Gate*....First and second couple set and hands across; same back again; lead down the middle and up again; right and left at top.

5. *Colonel Harcourt's Reel*....Set and change sides, and back again; lead down the middle; poussette.

6. *Lady Saltoun's Strathspey*....Turn your partner half round with your right hand, turn the sides with the left; turn sides with the right, turn partner with the left hand; lead down two couple, up again; allemande.

7. *The Devil among the Taylors*....First gentleman take hands with second lady, and lead down two couple and up again. First lady the same with two gentlemen. First couple lead down second couple, up again; right and left at top.

8. *The Broadsword Hornpipe*....First lady set to second gentleman, and turn the third gentleman. First gentleman set to second lady, and turn the third lady. Lead down the middle, up again; allemande.

9. *New Drops of Brandy*....First and second couple foot it and change sides; foot it and change sides back again; lead down the middle, up again, and cast off.

10. *The Grinders*....First gentleman foot it to his partner, and turn her with the right hand; foot it and turn her with the left hand, lead down two couple, up again, and cast off.

(To be continued.)

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Wall, Mr. Washington Kinleyson of New-York, to Miss Mary Ann Locey of Poughkeepsie.

On Thursday evening, the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. John Foley, Merchant, to Miss E. Shaw, daughter of John Shaw, Esq. of this city.

On the 13th inst. at Trenton, by the Rev. Mr. Hunter, Mr. Philip Van Courtlandt, jun. of Onondaga, state of New-York, to Miss Abigail Jouett, of Elizabeth-Town, New-Jersey.

At Halifax, (N. C.) Mr. William Boylan, printer, of Raleigh, to Miss Elizabeth M'Culloch, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin M'Culloch, Esq.

DIED,

Suddenly, on Thursday evening, the 19th inst. highly esteemed and much lamented, Mrs. Grace Walton, consort of the late Abraham Walton, Esq.

On Friday morning, the 20th inst. after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Kuypers, the amiable wife of the Rev. G. Kuypers, of this city.

At Newark, William P. Smith, one of the judges of the inferior court.

Parnassian Garland.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN:

A DIRGE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wand'red forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou!
Began the rev'rend Sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful Pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give's nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh! ill match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse, and Shame!

And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lording's slave,
By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last!*
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow.
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

THE KISS.

Long have I sedulously tried
My fair one's lips to press;
Long has the cruel maid denied
My ardent hopes to bless.
At length the lovely girl complies,
And grants the balmy treasure;
Love sparkles in her brilliant eyes,
And ev'ry look is pleasure.
Kitty! I thank thee for the Kiss,
Of each dull care the soother;
But, oh! when next thou grant'st the bliss,
Pray, *shave a little smoother!*

THE WINGS OF LOVE.

Imitated from the French of M. Moultier.

'Tis said, love flies....whence sprung his wings?
The boy was *born* with no such things;
For innocence would never rove,
And wings were needless, then, for love.
Nor did they shoot up as he grew;
Fond infancy is pure and true;
And, still unfledg'd, he reached the age
When gentle sighs the heart engage;
For constancy will ever prove
The sister fair of youthful love.
But soon as e'er one balmy kiss
From Chloe's lip had seal'd his bliss,
And taught his little heart to leap,
The callow points began to peep:
Another kiss....the callow points
To pinions sprout, with downy joints:
Kiss follows kiss....two days, 'tis said,
Full plumage o'er the pinions spread:
In fine, he talk'd and woo'd so well,
He gain'd much more than I shall tell.
Soon as his pow'r the Urchin knew,
He proudly clapp'd his wings, and flew!

THE NON-CONDUCTOR:

Written on Sir James Pulteney's expedition against Ferrol.

On Ferrol's shore two Britons stood,
A soldier and a tar.
Says Jack, "since now we rule the flood,
"From Norway's rocks to Egypt's mud,
"Why lingers thus the war!
"Pour British thunder on proud Spain;
"Let light'nings fierce instruct her
"You rule the land as we the main."
"*Thunder!*" the soldier cries, "'tis vain;
"Our chief 's a NON-CONDUCTOR."

THE DISH OF TEA;

OR LADIES' ANSWER TO THE PIPE OF TOBACCO.

Drowsy mortals, time destroying,
Let in smoke the minutes flee;
Sweeter 'tis the time employing,
In a social Dish of Tea.

Rude and strong the foaming liquor,
Topers drink with noisy glee;
But good humour passes quicker,
O'er a social Dish of Tea.

Cease, O! cease each face distorting
(Swelling cheek and pouting lip):
Haste, where pleasure, calmly sporting,
Blends with mirth the frequent sip;

And, if smoke alone is charming,
With the ladies let it be;
Lovely vapour! care disarming,
Rising from a Dish of Tea.

EPIGRAM.

TO AN IMPOTANT AND SCURRILOUS LAMPOONER.

Poor, sore-stung elf, thy puny efforts cease;
Thy pointless strains can never wound my peace:
The cur that grins, but wants the power to bite,
May raise my laughter; but must fail to fright.
Son of scurrility! a countless train
Of foes, like thee, would only meet disdain.
Yet, still, one way remains mine ire to raise,
And but one way, to curse me with thy praise!

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